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# NBC

ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS - EPISODE #20 OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ  
( 12.30-1.30 P.M. )  
TIME

( JUNE 19 1936 )  
DATE

( FRIDAY )  
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



INTERVIEWER:

"JIMMY SMITH: FINGER RINGERS"

DOCUMENTAL:

QUARTERMASTER: FINGER RINGERS

INTERVIEWER:

Now you say, as well as the other National Tobacco, during your session, remember this. The Alkali production for sale is constantly increasing your own life or your cigarettes are getting more and more expensive and the price of selling more of them. A big reason that it has not yet, a carefully increased cigarette, as noted from your well-known cigarette firm, and is a potential source in the lives and property of yourself and others.

Last week, you remember, a certain Mr. Kiper appeared at the Pine Cone Ranger Station. Before the day was gone, Ranger Jim Smith and his assistant, Jerry, were already certain he was looking for the mysterious "Lost Mine" in the Pine Cone Basin. On the way to the mine, Kiper had a notebook which belonged to him. Today, he took on the story which, after he got to the Pine Cone Ranger Station.

BBB:

(FADING IN) Oh, yes, the manager of the Grand Hotel, phoned while you were gone this morning and said he wanted you to send him a copy of the six rules for protection of forest fires. He wants to put it up his guests and see if it has made any good. Now, Jerry, can you remember to take him a copy next time you're going by the hotel?

JIM:



DEAN: Well, you said he said it. Well, there was a woman  
 at the camp this morning that knew some about hunting  
 and getting out fires than anybody I ever saw in the camp.  
 JIM: What was her name, Jerry?  
 JERRY: It was that fellow that said he was a lawyer from Detroit.  
 He's been taking his vacation trip out in this country for  
 months for years, he said, and he had caught in a forest  
 fire once and some Ranger saved him and his wife from  
 getting burned up. He says since then he's been a  
 sort of 'day pilot' for the Forest Service, telling  
 everybody what'll happen now in this part of the forest and  
 elsewhere when they're in the forest.  
 JIM: I noticed he had a couple of heavy little red bags in his  
 car to use while he's driving.  
 JERRY: Yeah. There's a lot of fires could be prevented if Charley  
 would stop throwin' cigarettes and matches out of their  
 cars while they're driving.  
 DEAN: Look, Jim, who's that car heading up toward the lodge?  
 JIM: It that Mr. Myers that drove in here in the big car  
 last week?  
 DEAN: Yes, it is.  
 DEAN: The one you said was Messers' money? What had got to him this  
 time?  
 JIM: That's the way with most folks, Dean.  
 DEAN: I wonder how his wife's coming along. He sure got a bad crash  
 in it.





JIM: Yes. I see he still has it repaired.

JERRY: Do you suppose he's headed up to Bonanza Park yet? We are awfully anxious to get there. What do you suppose he's up to, Jim?

JIM: I guess that's his business, Jerry. But just the same, I'm awfully anxious to know. Maybe we can keep him from getting himself into trouble.

JERRY: Yeah, especially if it's that "lost mine" he's headed for.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JERRY: I'll let him in. (FADING)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) Come in, Mr. Kyger.

KYGER: (OFF MIKE) Thank you.

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) How's the wrist?

KYGER: (FADING IN) It's all right, now, thank you. How are you, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Might be good, thanks. I'm glad to hear your wrist is better. This is Mr. Kyger, Boss.

KYGER: I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Robbins.

BESS: Thank you, Mr. Kyger.

KYGER: I'm greatly indebted to your husband and Mr. Quice for saving my automobile and my life all in one afternoon. They told me you put your wrist pretty badly, but they didn't say anything about saving your life.

KYGER: I imagine they didn't. The doctor said I might have been to death, though, if they hadn't fixed me up.



BESS: Won't you sit down?

KYGER: Thank you! Pardon me for being blunt, but was I not, if it is permissible to discuss business in your presence, Mrs. Robbins?

JIM: (LAUGHING) That's part of the business, Kyger.

KYGER: But this is, er, well, that is, a rather confidential matter.

BESS: Then I'll run along along to the kitchen and let you men talk.

KYGER: I didn't mean to infer.

BESS: Oh, that's all right. I've got a thousand things to do today and I haven't got time to be sitting around talking anyway. (FADING) Just you go ahead and don't bother about me.

KYGER: Mr. Robbins, you remember I was interested in getting up into the Sonoma Basin Country?

JIM: Sure, I remember.

KYGER: I believe I said something about dude ranching. Well, as a matter of fact, it's not a dude ranch I'm interested in.

JIM: No?

KYGER: I'm really up here about a mining claim.

JIM: I would suspected that. Looking for the "Lost Mine", are you?

KYGER: The claim is called that, but it's not exactly a lost mine. There's a definite claim and I have a map of the location.



JIM: Just the same, I suspect you'll find it hard to locate. That country up there is kinda deceptive.

KYGER: What do you know about this "Lost Mine"?

JIM: I wish I knew more. There's a lot of mystery about it.

KYGER: I've heard the usual mining tales. No more of which, I give my credence, however. That old fellow must have run the lynchwood down in the village. . . .

JIM: Old man?

KYGER: Yes. I stopped in there for breakfast this morning and the old fellow got to telling some wild tales about the "Lost Mine". He showed six notches he'd cut in his counter. . . .

JIM: Six notches, eh?

KYGER: Yes. He said he'd carved a notch for each person who'd gone up to the mine and never came back.

JIM: Well, the story goes that's it's a fabulously rich claim, but so far as I know there's never been a nickel's worth of gold come out of it. The story also goes that there's some kind of a hoodoo about the place. Nobody that ever went in to work is ever came back, they say.

KYGER: (EXCITED HUFFY) Are you trying to scare me from going up there?

JIM: No sir, I reckon that's your affair, Mr. Kyger. If you've come by that claim legitimately ---





KYGER: I hope. I'm here once more to ask your help in reaching the place. I've decided to leave your service and not try to get up there with the men.

JIM: Well, you can get a horse and saddle at Trip's ranch, up on the Blue Lake road. And this way here'd be more and the lay of the land.

KYGER: Thank you. I don't believe I'll have any difficulties. Of course, I want you to keep this entirely confidential. People get curious, you know.

JIM: Of course.

KYGER: Thank you again, and good day.

JIM: Good luck to you, Mister.

JERRY: So long, Mr. Kyger.

BOON: (DOOR CLOSING)

JERRY: Well, he's heading for the "Lost Mine" all right. Jim.

JIM: Yes.

JERRY: But what's all the mystery about that mine, anyhow?

JIM: I'd like to know, Jerry. I'd like to know and reason for all the tragedies that's been connected with that mine.

JERRY: So would I.

JIM: All I know is that it's in a sort of treacherous formation. I poured into the shaft a bare rock, and all kinds there'd been a cave-in, which might account for some of the tragedies. By the way, I picked up an old gun in there. I've got it in the bottom drawer of the desk here.









JIM: We'll be back before long. Yeah. (FADING) Some last old  
 photographs. Jerry. We'll take it with us to the Lunch Room.

(INTERVAL- MUSIC)

SOUND: (FADE IN SLATTER OF PLATE AND HARDWARE)

TIM: Hello, Tom.

TOM: Hi, Jim.

JERRY: How are you, Tom?

TOM: Hi, Jerry.

JIM: Watched you for supper today, Tom?

TOM: Sure. With anything you want. Roast beef, lamb chops,  
 lamb shank, and of course, if you want hamburger steak any  
 time.

JIM: Let me have roast beef, Tom.

JERRY: Make it two.

TOM: (CALLING OUT) Please! Just on the silver for two.

JOY: (OFF VICE- SLOW, EXPRESSIONLESS DRAWL) Ohhh!

TOM: Say, Jim, have you seen that young fellow around town lately  
 with the longish hair?

JIM: Yeah. He looks kind of like you. Any kind of news?

TOM: Nope. Not as I know.

JERRY: He said he was in here for breakfast.

TOM: Yeah. Listen, Jim. That young fellow's going up to the  
 "Lost Mine".

TIM: Did he say so?

TOM: No, but I know there's where he's heading. (SERIOUSLY) Listen,  
 Jim, you gotta stop this.



- JIM: If there's where he's going, I won't stop him, Tom. It's his business, you know. What you so concerned about that mine for, Tom?
- TOM: There's a location on that mine, Jim. We'll get killed if you don't stop him. Look, did I stop them you think have noticed I made in the counter? Eleven and 'em?
- JERRY: No. Where are they?
- TOM: Here they are, on the inside here. Six of 'em.
- JIM: What're they for? Number of mine you shot, or was it cockroaches?
- TOM: I'll tell you what these natchins is for. You won't know the story of it. Not none mine's never been a man went after the gold in that mine that lived to tell about it. Some of 'em that was after it didn't even get to the mine.
- JIM: Oh, I see. And there's a natch for every man that's tried to work the mine. Six of 'em, eh?
- TOM: That's right, count 'em yourself.
- JIM: Yep. That's interesting, Tom. First time I ever saw natchins out in a counter. I've seen some gone with plenty on 'em.
- TOM: I have that myself.
- JIM: A fellow from the city was showing me so interesting old gun the other day.
- TOM: 'Ere go.
- JIM: Yeah. He said it was too big and awkward though.



TOM: THAT'S the way with these fellows they didn't never shoot at nothing! Not even towards. They didn't know nothing about shooting! And they know a damn sight more about guns!

JERRY: That makes you think so?

TOM: Looks like!

JOHN: (AWAY FROM THE COUNTER)

TOM: I never show you this before, Tom?

JIM: Mamma-Mamma's a beauty, Tom!

TOM: You right, Ranger! Talk about being big and powerful. Well! They ain't start as a graved dig and they come to be some good, too.

JERRY: Don't suppose it's a damn good one, is it?

TOM: Yup. I got 'em from a fellow that was 'so good' for 'em by a fellow in New York State, years ago.

JIM: They always make guns like that in pairs, didn't they, Tom?

TOM: Sometimes they did and sometimes they didn't.

JIM: Have you got the other one, Tom?

TOM: Nope. I'll tell ya the story about how I lost it when I was.

JIM: Show him that gun you have, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure.

JOHN: (TOM HITS COUNTER)

JERRY: Nope I'm not, Tom.







JOHN: (AFFECTIONATE) Where's the girl now?

JIM: I found it up in the back of the "Lost Mine", Tom. Looks exactly like that one you found.

JOHN: (GRIEVING) It's just like I found you, sometimes they come in in pairs and sometimes they don't. Well, I better be getting back to the kitchen. The boy'll want you to go anyway. (FADING)

JIM: Hey, Tom! Come see a chicken. Now. . .

JOHN: (SLOW SPEAKING, EXHAUSTED VOICE) (FADING IN) There's your chicken. Which is which?

JERRY: They're both of 'em the same.

JIM: Right back for him, and right back for me.

JOHN: Sure! I would. Hamburger. Sure! Well, you got your 'head' for . . . (SLOW DEEP LAUGH) . . . well, it's a good one. (FADING) That's a good one.

JIM: Well, we didn't find any more. Jerry, but it looks like there's no mistake about Tom.

JERRY: Maybe not about Tom, but what about this other one? Didn't you order more back?

JIM: Sure. So the one. What's the matter with . . . Well, I'll be damned! Hamburger steak. Both of 'em.

JERRY: (FADING) Both of 'em.

ANNOUNCER: Well, the mystery of the "Lost Mine" is still unsolved. But there is just one more. Maybe there'll be some new developments. Uncle Sam's Foreign Service is organized by the F B I with the cooperation of the U S. Forest Service.

